

REMOVING A CANINE.

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY, BUT IT DIDN'T PROVE SO.

A Slight Disturbance in a Church Which Gained Such Headway That It Assumed Wonderful Proportions in a Short Time. The Minister's Sorrow.

(Copyright, 1906.)

"Will the sexton kindly remove that barking dog from the rear of the church?" said the Rev. Guy Ponsonby as he paused in the midst of his text one bright Sabbath morning.

Peter Pigotte, a short, prematurely gray man, with stooping shoulders, arose from his accustomed seat near the chancel and retreated on tiptoe in the direction from whence the sound came. Peter had been sexton of this house of worship for four and twenty years and knew where to look for occasional dogs. They invariably took quarter in the closet under the stairs leading to the gallery.

"Come, my good fellow," he said in tones soft and low.

"Bow-wow-wow!" was the vociferous response from the depth of the closet.

"Kindly remove the animal without noise," interrupted the pastor in tones that to the sexton's trained ear betrayed anything but the temper of a lamb. Then he added diffidently, "I suppose he came in when nobody was watching."

This last little sally Pigotte knew was intended to reflect upon his diligence as a vigilant officer. With rising passion he seized the intruder by the collar, and by giving the same a sharp twist cut off his vocal chord for the time being and carried him wriggling into the churchyard.

"You miserable cur," he groaned as he placed his victim on the ground and looked about for a club. "But ain't I going to warm your jacket?"

In another instant the most gruesome sounds that ever broke upon the ears of a congregation penetrated the church.

"Whack, whack, whack!" rang the blows above the dog's howls.

Strong women turned pale, and one or two men moved nervously in their seats.

"Will Elder Bover kindly go out and cause that man to desist from beating that dumb animal?" asked the pastor gravely.

A blush surmounted the serene but determined face of the elder, and he hastened toward the door.

"Why, sir, are you not ashamed to desecrate the Sabbath in this wise?" he said, laying his hand firmly upon the arm of the sexton.

"Now, if you have come out here to take sides with the dog, I'll lick you, too," replied the latter in high tones.

For a moment there was an unintelligible clash of words and then the sounds of raining blows and a hand to hand struggle floated up the aisles of the church.

Above the din could be heard the muffled howls of the dog. He was being trod underfoot.

Rev. Mr. Ponsonby stood as mute as a statue. Then suddenly his eyes fell upon a man whose clean shaven face, excepting a small portion of the chin, was whiter than all the rest.

"Deacon Van Drow," he said, "will you go out and separate those two brothers?"

As the deacon opened the door a voice floated in, exclaiming:

"Take your teeth out of my ear!"

Then the door closed, and for several seconds only the common rumbling of strife could be distinguished. Then Deacon Van Drow was heard to cry out in tones louder than the others:

"Whose nose is that you're punching? Let me up! Help! Murder! Murder!"

With a single bound Rev. Mr. Ponsonby cleared the altar rail and rushed from the church. He was followed by his excited flock. The sight that greeted them was perhaps the most tragic in the annals of the Claylick Corners congregation.

It took the combined strength of the consistory to tear the combatants apart and stand them on their right ends.

It was then that the mangled carcass of the dog was exposed to view. At the sight of it the pastor swooned and fell upon the ground.

"What ails you? Speak!" cried everybody in chorus at a trance.

"It was my dog!" he said, and then he went into a trance.

THE STREET CAR WOMAN.

She Acts In This Manner the Wide World Over.

"There she is!"

It is neither a shout from a single individual nor a chorus of exclamations from

the passengers, but a mental ejaculation from each and every one as the woman appears in the rear door. All instantly recognize her. She is not the woman who occupies two seats, not the woman who wants the front door left open for her automobile, not the woman with the poodle dog. No, no! She is the woman who invariably loses a penny out of her hand or purse as she pays her fare.

"Now it will come!"

The conductor assumes an air of humility and enters and stands before her with palm turned upward. Up to this point she has been settling herself between a long waisted girl with a bundle on her knees and a dejected looking man with a cataract on the left eye. She suddenly realizes that no one but an alderman rides d. h. in a street car, and she rouses herself and fumbles for her purse. A man could have felt in every one of his 12 pockets while she was finding her one. Everybody looks at her. Will she find it? Is there a pocket to be found? Isn't it in the dress left hanging on its peg in the closet?

Ah! She makes a discovery! The elusive pocket is found at last, and the cataract man smiles a glad smile, and the girl with the bundle heaves a sigh of relief. From out of the dodging, twisting, deceptive receptacle is fished a snakeskin portemonnaie. No use to mentally wonder over its contents—a silver dime, five pennies, a door key, four needles, a thimble and two or three sample hairpins. With thumb and finger she dives for the pennies. One by one they are driven into a corner and captured, and by and by she has them all in the palm of her right hand. She shoots out her hand to drop them into the palm of the conductor and at the same instant crosses her feet, closes her portemonnaie and looks around the car in a defiant, triumphant way.

Something falls. Something rattles on the gratings. The conductor counts, "One, two, three, four!" The fifth cent is missing—just as everybody expected. Now the man with the cataract eye grins maliciously, the girl with the bundle is glad on't, the dude with the taller gloves assumes a tired attitude and wishes he had never been born. Heads are bent forward, and eyes peer up and down and under the seats. Feet are drawn up, skirts lifted off the floor, and hearts almost cease to beat. The conductor gets down on his knees to make a closer search. The old chap in the front end of the car picks up a pin and holds it up to view to show that it isn't the lost cent. The gratings must come up. Everybody hitches toward the front door and holds up his feet, and then toward the rear door and holds them still higher. Seven long minutes speed into eternity, and five would be passengers on different crosswalks are left standing there to jaw and cuss and want to punch somebody's head.

Ah, ha, the lost is found! Snuggled away in a nest of peanut shucks, trousers buttons and hairpins is the missing cent, and the conductor seizes it and holds it up in his fingers so that each and every passenger may be certain that it is neither a diamond ring nor yet a snow shovel. Then the grating is replaced, the people draw long breaths of satisfaction, and the woman who caused it all sits up stiffly and severely and with proper dignity, and the rolling car rolls on its ax, and the world slowly revolves on its axis, and the conductor knocks down two fares and is at peace with earth again.

SCOTT LANSING.

DEFYING SOCIETY.

It Didn't Make Any Difference to Him What People Thought.

It was in the waiting room of a railroad line in the Buckeye State. Seated in the midst of a score of men and women was an old man who held a bulging satchel on his lap and tried to restrain the enthusiasm of a paper collar which insisted on peeping out of a knothole in the side of the bag. He had been dozing and nodding for 10 or 15 minutes, with his legs stretched out until they seemed to be 7 feet long, when he suddenly opened his eyes, drew back his legs, and a shade of anxiety was visible on his countenance.

Something had happened. Something continued to happen. He held up his right foot, which was incased in a boot large enough to contain the watermelon crop of Rhode Island for two seasons and began to agitate the heel thereof with the toe of his left. You've probably been there and know how utterly unsatisfactory such a proceeding is under the circumstances. After digging for a minute he raked his heel on the floor, but no smile of relief was visible on his face. As his satchel managed to tumble off his lap with a great thump just at this time general attention was attracted to the old man, and the passenger on his right inquired:

"Busted a suspender, or swallowed a button, or anything of the kind?"

"I wish it wasn't nuthin worse!" replied the satchel man as he resumed the heel and too performance.

"Are you sick?"

"It's them infernal chilblains on that ar' heel!" he exclaimed as he tried to get his foot within reaching distance. "I order knowed better than to sit in this warm room."

"There's a sensation, eh?"

"More'n a dozen of 'em, and I've got to jump and boiler and git the police arter me. Do you live here?"

"No."

"Know anything about the customs around here?"

"Not much. Why?"

"Waal, I wanted to know whether a feller with chilblains was allowed to pull off his boot in good society and stop the agitashun, but I hain't time to go inquirin round. Off she's got to come, society or no society, and them as don't like it must move away!"

He grabbed the foot in his big hands, pulled and twisted and ran out his tongue, and it finally came off with a "so-u-p!" which was heard all over the room. After digging the itching heel with both hands in a lively manner for a minute he turned to the satchel after a vial of wintergreen essence and poured half its contents on the seat of his anxiety. It was hardly a minute before a sweet smile came to his wrinkled face, and he tugged and pulled and

got his foot back into the boot and closed the twine came, Gus Bodolphus, Dick Mosses, Wilth Phil Thomas James and Ephelinder Blue Buskana Boadela Al-lacinda Martineau.

"Might not hev bin jist the thing before good society, but what's society compared to half an acre of the most cantankerous chilblains ever heard of in Ohio!"

MASTEL WHITE.

A GOOD TOWN FOR TITLES.

They All Bore One, Even Unto Colonel Jones.

I was riding around town with Colonel White, when we were hailed from the steps of a store by a man, and the colonel stopped his horse and introduced me to Captain Davis. After we moved on he said:

"If you meet the captain again, he'll be sure to talk war, but he wasn't in it. He's simply a blowhard."

As we drove past the postoffice a man came out and waved a newspaper at the colonel and called to him to hold up. We stopped, and the colonel introduced him as Major Taylor. After we left him the colonel said:

"He's another of the same sort. He'll fill you up with army adventures, but he never saw a battle or heard the sing of a bullet."

Down at the oil mills, as we were turning around, some one cried "Hello!" to the colonel, and a man came up and was introduced as General Whitcomb. He had a decided military bearing, but when we had left him behind the colonel said:

"I'll give you a pointer on the general too. He'll reel off army yarns by the rod, and yet he never even had a uniform on."

We didn't meet with any more heroes during the drive, but soon after our return, and while I sat on the hotel veranda waiting for the dinner bell, a gentleman who had every appearance of having led a brigade in a glorious charge to victory came up and introduced himself as General Patton and added:

"I saw you out riding with Colonel White a bit ago."

"Yes, he drove me around town."

"Good fellow, the colonel, but an awful bluffer; was never even sworn into the service, and yet he'll tell you how he was shot all to pieces and left for dead at Cedar Creek."

The general talked for a few minutes and then excused himself, and as I went in to dinner the landlord met me with a smile and a wink and whispered:

"I saw the general out there filling you up. He was in Europe all through the war and has no right to the title!"

"My friend," I said, "is there a captain, a major or general in this town who was actually in the war and fairly won his title?"

"Only one—just one," he blandly replied.

"And that man?"

"I'm the one! Yes, I'm Colonel Jones, at your service!"

I had to leave town directly after dinner, but on the train I fell in with a man and happened to speak of Colonel Jones to him, and he exclaimed:

"Colonel Jones? Colonel Jones? Why, sah, that man wasn't 15 years old when General Lee surrendered!"

AUSTIN KEENE.

BEATING THE RECORD.

The man with a flat subscription book concealed in the skirts of his coat looked over the gate and said to the boy:

"Where's your mother?"

"In the kitchen, beating eggs," the boy replied.

"Sister at home?"

"Yep—out'n the back yard, beating a carpet."

"Don't suppose your father's here?"

"None—just blew round the barn after Bill—first Bill was beating father, 't'en father caught up an went to beating Bill. Beatenest ol' time we've had round here since winter."

The man with the flat subscription book turned slowly away.

"It beats me," he muttered sourly.

W. O. FULLER, JR.

ACCORDING TO LOCATION.

The old woman leaned over the tumble down fence and called sharply down the country road: "Here, you, Edmund Lee, bring your brothers and sisters and pike along home sudden! Hyear me?"

"Are they all yours, ma'am?" asked the horseman as he hung up the gourd dipper at the side of the roadside spring.

"Yes, sir, they air," she said proudly.

"And that ain't all."

"Don't you run short of names for 'em?"

"No, sir; there's jest names to plant when you uses location names."

"Location names! How's that?"

"Well, when we lived down in Turkey Creek valley and had lots of neighbors, we named 'em after the neighbors; that was when Edmund Lee, Martha Larkie, Mary Huldah and John Lewis was borned. Next year we farmed at the springs wher' they was lots of strangers, and that was the year

she twin come, Gus Bodolphus, Dick Mosses, Wilth Phil Thomas James and Ephelinder Blue Buskana Boadela Al-lacinda Martineau."

The traveler caught his breath.

"The next summer," said the woman apathetically, "we got religion—and the next year we didn't have no luck, and the old cow died, and the sheep got the murrain, and my man he broke his leg in the lumber dam, so we called the baby Lamentations of Jeremiah, Jerry for short, and let it go at that."

HARRY CASTLETON.

OUR OWN LITTLE JOKERS.

No Use.

The air was redolent with the perfume of flowers. Gay colors everywhere greeted the eye. Music swelled grandly upon the ear.

It was an occasion of sensuous enjoyment.

"Madam, your hat is illegal."

The pale girl who sat near the orchestra shivered, but spoke not.

"Your hat is illegal. Come."

The changing of the patrol wagon gong seemed to awaken her to a sense of her peril.

"No," she answered, "not on your life. Go on. I'm hypnotized by a man in Paris. Arrest him."

Under recent decisions of the court the minion of the law had no alternative. With a cold, distant bow and a snort of baffled rage he departed.

Agreed.

It was not one of those communities wherein the curfew regulations prevail, and accordingly the bells merely struck 9 o'clock and let it go at that.

"Can you," asked the father anxiously, "support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

The youth shook his head.

"Oh, no!" he faltered.

"Neither can I," sighed the old man, "unless the price of beef comes down pretty soon."

Then he related, with pride, how since infancy his daughter had never once been denied her full porterhouse steak every morning.

He Was Used to It.

At a ford on the Kentucky river, in Letcher county, there is a small boat for foot passengers a few rods up the stream.

Nothing Else to Do.

It was a glorious morning. Nevertheless she was filled with gloomy foreboding.

"I fear me," she mused, "that the full styles are about to go out."

Presently high resolve sat upon her brow.

"If they do!"

She spoke as one wont to rule.

"My husband will have to take the gold cure, that's all."

She could only wait and hope.

Almost a Hint.

A certain gentleman was in the habit of visiting very frequently a family where his company was not wanted. One evening he was met at the gate by one of the little boys of the family, who clapped his hands and said:

"You're too late! You're too late!"

"What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Mamma said, 'Let us have supper an hour earlier, so we can have one meal by ourselves.' You're too late!"

Extraordinarily Healthy.

"Who lives there?" the eastern capitalist wanted to know.

"One of our oldest citizens," the real estate agent made reply, "a remarkable man, 85 years old and never paid a dollar for doctors' bills in his life."

"But who are all those men standing round the gate?"

"Oh, those—er—those are the doctors, you know, trying to collect their bills."

He Caught On.

He was a man with a battered stiff hat on his head and an early linen duster falling down his knees. There was a knowing smile on his face, and a look of self satisfaction in his eyes as he walked up to a Woodward avenue policeman and whispered:

"Half way down the block—swing doors—old chap standing inside with a grin on his mug!"

"What do you mean?" asked the officer.

"You see those doors down there just opposite that woman?"

"Yes."

"Do they push in or pull out?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I. Neither does any other innocent minded man. They may be push doors, and they may be pull doors. See?"

"No, I don't see. What are you driving at?"

"Why, I start to go. I take 'em for push doors, and I push, but they are pull doors, and I bump up agin 'em and am stuck. Old chap on the inside is waiting and watching for just such a mistake, and as soon as I bump he begins to jump up and down and slap his leg and ha! ha! ha! Got a joke on me. See? Knows how a feller feels when he gets left, and it tickles him most to death. Catch the point?"

"But why don't you take 'em for pull doors and pull?" queried the officer.

"Ah, there you are! You can never tell. Just as apt to git left on 'pull' as 'push,' and in either case the old coon inside will throw up his hat and growl red in the face and ho! ho! ho! and ha! ha! ha! for ten minits."

"Well, what will you do about it?"

"Keep away!" hoarsely whispered the man, "keep right away—go on the other side of the street—let the old coon stand there all the afternoon and git left on victims! I've tumbled to the little game and can't be roped in. Name is Julius Higginbottom, and I'm up to snuff and know my gait. Push be hanged! Pull be hanged! Used to be a cop myself, and so I give you a pointer. Old coon is waiting to ha! ha! ha! but I sail away and leave the flies to light on some one else. See? Watch my smoke!"

And he took the middle of the street and headed for Pontiac at such a gait that the trolley cars couldn't get near enough to hit his heels.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Fitting Her Out.

Jane—If you please, ma'am, as it's my night out, would you mind lending me your bicycle?

Jack. Won't write the article either. Says he don't propose to give away a good thing."

She Could.

And now he was about to go. He had paused at the threshold and was gazing intently into the azure depths of her eyes.

"Can you learn to love me?" he faltered. She smiled, and her smile carried sweet promise to his thirsting soul.

"Yes," she answered, "I think I can. Of course there is much else to learn for a high church wedding, but we shall have plenty of rehearsals and I never was accounted dull. Yes."

She was brave.

He Was Nearsighted.

What frightful bloomers!" Smith exclaimed. "She's crazy, I am sure!"

But he soon found out his judgment had been rather premature.

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WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1866.
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY,
INDEPENDENT BUILDING.

18 North Erie St.,—Massillon, O.
Telephone No. 60.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

REGULATION IS NEEDED.

The disposition of a good many of our bicycle riders—not all of them, by any means, to regard the city streets as race courses, and all of the highways and by-ways as existing for their particular benefit, is liable to lead to unpleasant results. A broken leg or two and a heavy fine or two will probably work a perfect cure. It will be better, however, if the wheelmen apply the remedy themselves, and avoid the penalties suggested. Fast driving in town is prohibited by ordinance and so is fast wheeling. Judging from the appearance of Main street, after sundown, the bicycle people seem to forget that they are subject to regulation. It is a common occurrence to see young men and young women pushing down the hill at full speed, endangering their own lives and those of others. Hairbreadth escapes are numerous, and the rule of the road—"keep to the right"—is honored as much in the breach as in the observance. It is suggested that the mayor detail a number of officers to put down the recklessness that has increased so alarmingly.

If the wheelmen want a speedway in town, let them apply for the use of a certain street during fixed hours, and let horsemen have the same right. Another matter that should receive attention is the failure of wheelmen, as a rule, to ride with lighted lanterns. They approach so silently that after dark it is impossible to hear them or see them, and unless a better understanding exists all round it will only be a question of time until some shocking accident occurs. There is room on the streets for everybody, but there must be equal rights and protection for all. The sidewalks, by the way, are designed and should be exclusively retained for the use of those who still have to walk.

DEVELOPMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The selection of a photograph gallery by the leather coated Ingomar of Massillon, Mr. Browne, as a place for contracting a matrimonial alliance, suggests a train of thought at once that should develop a great amount of new business among enterprising photographers. Indeed, Mr. Browne's artist, who pressed the button while Justice Folger pronounced the benediction, has already arranged to perfect the idea given to him in the rough by his eminent client.

The photographer of the future, who knows his business, will certainly be provided with a regular wedding department, stocked with scenes of church interiors, local and historical, and then with the aid of proper gowns, will so deck out accommodating justices of the peace, that ambitious brides and grooms can be married amid the most distinguished surroundings.

Hereafter, thanks to Mr. Browne and Miss Coxe, the bridegroom will be relieved of all expensive preliminaries. He will just put on his store clothes, and meet the fair lady of his choice at the gallery. He will say to the artist, "please marry us in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Archbishop Corrigan," and that worthy, with a few deft movements, will bring on the cathedral and the archbishop, and the scene will be transferred to glass, from which copies innumerable can be sent to admiring friends.

MULHALL ON AMERICA.

"If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical or intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895." So writes Mulhall, the eminent British statistician, in the North American Review, and following are a portion of the figures he gives to sustain the statement: Since 1840 the working power of the individual in this country has been nearly doubled, owing to the invention of labor-saving machinery. In the United States the working power, measured in foot-tons, is 1940 foot-tons daily, while in Great Britain the working power of an individual is but 170 tons; in Germany and France it is 970 tons; in Austria 630, and in Italy not quite 400 tons. In the work of farm hands Mr. Mulhall finds that a man in this country "raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, and five in Germany, which shows what an enormous waste of labor occurs in Europe because farmers are not possessed of the same mechanical appliances as in the United States."

In the matter of educational advantages this country far surpasses all others. In the words of Mr. Mulhall, "it may be fearlessly asserted that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens." The annual expenditures per individual is \$2.40. Great Britain comes next, with a trifle over half that sum; France expends 50 cents; Germany 50, Austria 30, and Italy 25 cents. The wealth of this country is greater than that of Great Britain by 35 per

THE FLAG AND AN APPROPRIATION.

Right at the outset of this campaign, when the indications are that the Republicans will be represented on their legislative ticket by John Thomas, G. W. Wilhelm and Thomas Austin, THE INDEPENDENT wishes to present a few thoughts to its readers, that may read suspiciously like an exhortation for the flag and an appropriation. Ordinarily it is a mean and cheap thing to urge the election of this or that candidate because he lives in a certain township. The rules of politics require some give and take in that respect. This year, however, Massillon has vital interests at stake. The state hospital is now under way, and the action of the next general assembly will either advance or hold back the work upon it. Friends of other institutions are clamoring for money, and the state has little, at best, to give. Whatever Massillon secures will be obtained not by favor but by hard fighting, and we need men at Columbus who know how to fight and whose associations are such that they will feel like fighting.

We all know what Mr. Thomas has done, and where he stands. He is experienced in the ways of general assemblies, and if promoted to the senate he will be a tower of strength. He lives in Navarre. Mr. Wilhelm has served one term at Columbus, and also knows the ropes. He is as good a Massillonian as though he lived here, and has a quiet way of accomplishing results that will be very useful. As for Mr. Austin, he is with us and of us. He is young, talented and ambitious. It is reasonable to expect that Thomas Austin will be heard from on many subjects and especially on the one that concerns his home city's business interests.

Every citizen of Massillon, therefore, has a personal reason for standing by the Republican legislative ticket, and for refraining from entering into pledges that might interfere with progress on the state hospital.

ELI PERKINS AND COIN.

Eli Perkins has been to Chicago to see Coin, with whom he had one of his snappy interviews. His object was to ask him the meaning of the paragraph: "The annual interest in all our public and private debts is more than the annual profits in business and production." It struck Eli Perkins that this alarming statement required elucidation. This was the colloquy:

"Now, Coin," I said, "get down your census report (No. 192, June 4, 1892), and answer me—what was the value of all the property in the United States in 1860—answer it. Read it from the census report."

"Well," said Coin, scanning the pages that he had misquoted, "the report says \$16,159,618,008."

"And how much property in the United States ten years later—in 1870?"

"Just \$30,000,000,000," said Coin. "It had about doubled."

"And how much ten years later, in 1880, after the war shrinkage?"

"The report says \$43,000,000,000."

"And now Coin put in what you suppressed in your book. How did the nation stand in 1890?"

"Why, it is estimated that all our property, even to towns below 1,000 population, amounted to \$94,000,000,000."

"So our property has doubled in ten years?"—w-o-l-l, i-t-s-e-e-m-s-o, said Coin, coloring up.

"It is so, Coin," I said. "You are reading from the United States census reports. When a nation's profits in business and production increase 7 per cent, a year it doesn't look much like national bankruptcy, does it?"

"No—well, you don't take in private debts and mortgages an—"

"There you go again, Coin. You straddle on a fallacy. Every debtor has a creditor. Debts and credits among the people balance themselves. A half a million people in Chicago might borrow a half a million dollars from the rest of the population, and the wealth is all in Chicago. Does it make any difference who has the money, the debtor or the creditor? One-half of New York is mortgaged to the other half, but the wealth and collateral are here."

"Well—may be—if—"

"Never mind the if, Coin," I interrupted, "we are after facts. Now," I said, "turn to the census report and see what our public debt was in 1890."

"It was \$5,827,000,000, an awful debt," said Coin.

"And what was it in 1890?"

"Why, only \$1,454,000,000."

"Now do you call that running behind, Coin? Is the interest eating up the principal?"

"Well the debtor and creditor class and the money, Coin; stop that nonsense! You have befuddled the people too much already with your primary money and redemption money and creditor class. Give us straight English. Now again, what was the interest on our public debt in 1890?"

"It was \$148,000,000—an awful interest."

"Yes, it was, Coin," I said, "but what was it in 1890?"

"Why, only \$94,000,000."

"A reduction of the interest on the public debt of \$54,000,000 in ten years, Coin, don't look like running behind, does it?"

Coin bit his finger nails harder than ever and seemed lost in thought.

Now is the time to subscribe.

He Bears His Trouble with Quiet Dignity.

THERE WILL BE NO SHOOTING.

All He Asked of Browne was That He Should Show His Ability to Properly Support the Daughter—His Home Awaits Her if She Ever Repents Her Bargain.

Mr. Coxe has come home. There was no exhibition of belligerence upon his arrival from Philadelphia Sunday night, and on the contrary, he bore himself with quiet composure, giving every evidence, however, of a trusting man's sense of betrayal and deep loss. Mr. Coxe was dining at the Bellevue when he heard the news, and he started home at once. He had little to say when questioned about his attitude.

"I shall not make any trouble," said he calmly. "My decision on the question was reached some time ago. The only thing I shall ask if Browne is what I told him three weeks ago, that he shall provide a home for his wife and support her there. I have advised her as to the importance of the step she has taken, and have nothing to retract on that point. In an interview which I had with my daughter I advised her to postpone her marriage until such time as he had proved his ability to care for her. She has chosen to overlook my advice, and there is absolutely nothing more that I can say, except that my home will be open to her if at any time in the future she should repent of her bargain."

Before leaving Philadelphia Mr. Coxe forwarded the following telegram to his wife: "Evening paper says Mamie married last evening. If correct please tell her to go with him before I return Sunday evening."

In obedience to the instructions from her husband, Mrs. Coxe sent the mis-guided little girl to the home of her mother, Mrs. Jones, who lives near Paul's station. Browne, of course, has no home of his own in which to provide for his wife. Mr. Coxe absolutely refuses to have any intercourse with his daughter under present conditions. When she chooses to renounce her husband, her father's home is open to her, but not before.

Browne took advantage of his knowledge that Mr. Coxe would be absent from town several days last week. Mr. Coxe was sitting on the pier at Atlantic City with delegates at the time when Justice Folger was uniting his daughter and Carl Browne. It is little more than a year ago that Browne met Miss Coxe. Her father, who was engrossed in his political schemes had no idea that his leather-coated lieutenant was nourishing a tender passion, but others, more observant and suspicious, certainly did.

Early in April Miss Coxe left her own mother's home in Massillon, having become of age, and joined the present Mrs. Coxe in Philadelphia. She remained there until May 24, when they all returned home. In the meantime the girl confided home to her step-mother, the fact that she and Browne were engaged, and Mrs. Coxe told her husband, Mr. Coxe took occasion to admonish Browne, at once that he ought to prove his ability to support a wife, before marrying any one. Up to this time Browne had been a dependent upon Mr. Coxe. The controversy led to Browne's dismissal.

Mrs. Browne was 18 years old on April 4. She was born at Danville, Pa., but was educated in Massillon. She is an attractive young woman, and more than commonly well informed.

Justice Folger, who performed the marriage ceremony, desires THE INDEPENDENT to make one correction of its account of the ceremony on Friday. The published account mentions in appreciative language the one "chaste kiss" implanted with warmth and grace upon the lips of the bride. Mr. Folger desires it known that the kiss was the result of Browne's advice to his wife, and that in receiving it he was on the defensive, so to speak. Justice McMillan, who was also present, was similarly horrified.

BROWNE'S STORY.

Browne says, "today I will admit that Mr. Wolf took photographs of Miss Mamie Coxe and myself in Clements's gallery last Friday before a painted backdrop of the capitol steps, which I had prepared, but I do not admit that we were married according to our understanding of what constitutes a marriage ceremony according to reason and common sense. Yes, Justice Folger was there, but no man made laws that ever superseded the law of nature. I had Folger called in, in order that the man would prevent Brother Coxe from doing anything rash (as he is very light headed sometimes, as I know from a year and a half knowledge with him in jail and out.) when Miss Mamie undertook to leave home to meet me in Washington, to carry out my proposed marriage in this city—theosophically on the occasion of the reunion of the community, on July 4th, next. When I heard of his 'wrath,' upon learning of the scene in the photograph gallery, I just laughed and thought of the old saying, 'whom the God would destroy first make mad.'"

"But, I do hope," continued Browne, "that he is not so mad, but he will renege that bond today, in the probate court, so I will have to go to jail, unless some good friend comes forward in his stead, until next September. They have put off my libel case until that time, on the excuse of the unfinished condition of the court house. I am now going to Canton to see Mr. Welty, and have him telephone the next governor of Ohio if he will save me from a monopoly jail, in a charge against me for warfare done in his cause, and which he at that time approved."

MRS. BROWNE IS HEARD FROM.

Mrs. Browne was shown her father's interview this morning. She assumes her husband's method of speaking of the ceremony of Friday as a "legal formality" that precedes another marriage fixed for July 4th. "Humph!" said she.

"Supported Mr. Browne for a year, did he? Why everybody knows that Carl Browne has made my father all that he has with the public. Anyhow I am going to marry him July 4th, and I do not ask any aid from my father, who has ordered me out of his house. I am not a child. I know what I am doing."

	First Ward	Second Ward	Third Ward	Fourth Ward	Massillon Precinct	Richville Precinct	Total
For Representative.							
J. C. Lupter	117	46	75	18	11		267
Thomas Wilson	44	30	14	14	11		153
Thomas Austin	214	177	273	49	22		740
George W. Wilhelm	184	173	207	56	42		662
For Auditor.							
Wm. M. Reed	217	119	269	59	28		678
W. R. Rowlen	74	108	58	19	14		268
For Commissioner.							
James Brown	98	102	100	14	10		324
R. B. Crawford	191	114	231	58	33		627
For Infirmary Director.							
J. M. Howenstine	148	101	190	31	15		485
A. P. Teel	67	71	42	13	11		204
John C. Hay	67	42	60	23	15		247
For Surveyor.							
H. Sicksafoose	12	8	16		2		38
C. D. Wise	118	133	109	39	28		424
J. S. Hoover	115	77	186	2	11		424

*Perry township complete, except Richville precinct.

REPUBLICAN WINNERS.

Ex-Mayor Reed and Thomas Austin Surely Succeed.

OTHER PLACES IN DOUBT.

It is Nip and Tack Between Capt. Crawford and James Brown—John Thomas Seems to Have the Senatorial Convention The Vote Coming in Very Slowly.

There are still some elements of doubt about the results of the Republican primary election Saturday. Ex-Representative John Thomas seems to have secured a clear majority certainly, and more probably, of delegates to the Senatorial convention. Judge I. H. Taylor is re-nominated and so are Sheriff Doll, Treasurer Geib, and Thomas Casselman of Alliance, for clerk of courts. They had no opposition. Ex-Mayor Wm. Reed is nominated for auditor without a doubt. It is not certainly known whether Captain Crawford or James Brown will make the run for commissioner. For representative Thomas Austin, of Massillon, is certainly a winner, and George W. Wilhelm probably his running mate. Mayor Lupter, of Waynesburg, is close behind Mr. Wilhelm, and may turn out to be ahead.

The nominations for infirmary director and surveyor are clothed in so much doubt that a guess cannot be hazarded. The following precincts had not been reported to the Republican central committee at 2 o'clock: Millport, Jackson township, Midway and Uniontown in Lake township, Youngstown Hill, Lima, North, Baltimore, Marlboro, Barryville, Richville, New Berlin, Paris, Robertsville, Pike and Sugar Creek townships, Pigeon Run, Stands, West Brookfield, Freeburg and Mt. Union. The total vote, without these precincts, is as follows:

For representative (two to nominate)—J. C. Lupter, 1,679; Thomas Wilson, 1,647; Thomas Austin, 1,993; Geo. W. Wilhelm, 1,744.

For auditor—W. M. Reed, 2,216; W. R. Rowlen, 1,496.

For commissioner—James Brown, 1,924; Richard B. Crawford, 1,764.

For infirmary director (one to nominate)—J. M. Howenstine, 2,017; A. P. Teel, 1,046; John A. Hay, 346.

For surveyor—G. L. Sicksafoose, 533; Chas. D. Wise, 1,351; John S. Hoover, 1,799.

SANDY TOWNSHIP COMPLETE.

For representative (two to nominate)—J. Lupter 107, Thomas Wilson 81, T. Austin 28, Geo. W. Wilhelm 63.

For auditor—W. M. Reed 93, W. H. Rowlen 7.

For commissioner—James Brown 58, Richard B. Crawford 106.

For infirmary director—J. M. Howenstine 141, A. P. Teel 8, John A. Hay 18.

For surveyor—G. L. Sicksafoose 150, Chas. Wise 8, John S. Hoover 6.

ALLIANCE AND LEXINGTON COMPLETE.

For representative (two to be nominated)—Lupter 233, Wilson 472, Austin 317, Wilhelm 183.

Auditor—Reed 331, Rowlen 271.

Commissioner—Brown 323, Crawford 243.

Infirmary director—Howenstine 108, Teel 456, Hay 44.

Surveyor—Sicksafoose 91, Wise 219, Hoover 279.

OSNABURG TOWNSHIP COMPLETE.

For representative—Lupter 45, Wilson 39, Austin 21, Wilhelm 17.

Auditor—Reed 28, Rowlen 33.

Commissioner—Brown 43, Crawford 19.

Infirmary director—Howenstine 53, Teel 4, Hay 5.

Surveyor—Sicksafoose 30, Wise 14, Hoover 17.

CANTON CITY AND TOWNSHIP COMPLETE.

For representative—Lupter 761, Wilson 424, Austin 588, Wilhelm 399.

Auditor—Reed 527, Rowlen 614.

Commissioner—Brown 661, Crawford 476.

Infirmary director—Howenstine 906, Teel 53, Hay 151.

Surveyor—Sicksafoose 181, Wise 457, Hoover 506.

BEACH CITY PRECINCT.

For representative—Lupter 11, Wilson 26, Austin 14, Wilhelm 79, Sheriff Doll 86.

Auditor—Reed 86, Rowlen 0.

Commissioner—Brown 17, Crawford 67.

Infirmary director—Howenstine 74, Teel 7, Hay 3.

Surveyor—Sicksafoose 3, Wise 4, Hoover 76.

LOUISVILLE PRECINCT.

For representative—J. C. Lupter, 7; Thomas Wilson, 119; Thomas Austin, 5; Geo. W. Wilhelm, 112.

The Operators Submit Their Proposition.

POWDER REMAINS THE SAME.

A Better Scale Than Any Other in Ohio—The Cut Not so Great as the Cut in the Price of Mining—Figures Stationary in Many Cases, and in One Much Higher.

The committee appointed by the miners at their convention, held in this city yesterday, conferred with the operators in J. F. Pocock's office during the afternoon. The question of "dead work" was thoroughly discussed by both sides. A scale was finally submitted by the operators and the meeting adjourned. As yet the miners have not reported an acceptance of the scale, but today they are working generally. The present price which they are required to pay for powder has created the most dissatisfaction among the Massillon miners. The price, \$1.50 per keg, is the same, however, that is being paid throughout the state. The miners employed by the Ridgway Burton Company are at work today, and it is generally supposed that they have accepted the pending scale. The other mines have not been heard from but President John Mossop is expected to report their decision during the day. The scale submitted was arranged as follows:

MASSILLON DISTRICT PRICES.

On a basis of mining at six cents per ton.	Price with the regular proportionate 15 percent re-June 1st, 1895.	Named at joint meeting.
Minning per ton	\$.60	\$.51
Entry per yard, single shaft	1.80	1.36
Entry per yard, double shaft	1.85	1.57
Breakthroughs per yard (entry)	.75	.64
Breakthroughs per yard (room)	.75	.64
Turning rooms each	1.25	1.06
Luside day labor, per yard	.64	.39
Roommen per day	.75	.49
Drivers per day	.64	.39
Cagers per day	.64	.39
Carpenter per day	.64	.31
Engineers per day	.75	.49
Friemen per day	.60	.38
Pump tenders per day	.45	.23
Blacksmiths per day	.75	.49
Head trimmer per day	1.50	.27
Assistant trimmer per day	1.45	1.23
Dumper (on top) per day	.35	.15
Break-through, per yard	1.35	1.15
Outside day labor, per yard	.64	.54
Trappers per day	1.00	.85
Water pumpers per day	1.00	.85
Dir shovelers (inside) per day	1.34	1.31
Expenses per keg	1.50	1.50
Oil per gallon	.60	.60
Smithing: For entry men, per ton	.0125	.01
For room men, per ton	.0075	.0064
For engine men, per ton	.0075	.0064
Powder and oil to be made at all times the same as general price throughout the state of Ohio.		
All employees using oil to furnish it themselves.		

PRICES SOUTH OF MASSILLON.

The following are prices paid for mining, day labor, etc., south of Massillon, at Goshen, Midvale, Wheeling Creek, on the C. & W. Ry., and at Sherodsville, Laurelton and Dillonvale, on the W. & L. E. Ry., at the present time, the rate for mining being 51 cents per ton for screened lump:

Minning, per ton	\$.51
Entry, per yard	1.25
Break-through, per yard	.50
Turning rooms, left before widening	2.00
Drivers, per day	1.00
Engineers, per day	1.00
Weightman " "	1.00
Blacksmiths " "	1.00
Dummers " "	1.00
Trappers " "	1.00
Powder, per keg	1.50

THE JACKSON DISTRICT.

In the Jackson district, Ohio, the following prices are paid at the present time:

Minning, per ton	\$.51
Entry, 7 ft. wide, 5 ft. high, per yard	1.25
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.25
Entry, break-throughs, per yard	1.25
Break-throughs between rooms, per yard	1.25
Roommen, per day	1.25
Drivers, " "	1.00
Cagers, " "	1.00
Dummers, " "	1.00
Trappers, " "	1.00
Friemen, " "	1.00
Outside labor, per day	1.00
Powder, per keg	1.50

GOES TO THE WORKHOUSE.

John Welschenbaugh Pays the Penalty for Choking His Wife.

John Welschenbaugh, who was arrested on Monday for choking his wife and who entered a plea not guilty, changed the plea to guilty this morning. He was again arraigned before Mayor Schott and was fined the costs amounting to \$10, and sentenced to the workhouse for twenty days.

Mr. Welschenbaugh was taken to Canton by Marshal Markel at 10:30 o'clock. In common pleas court a divorce case is now pending which was instituted by Mrs. Welschenbaugh some time ago. The charge is cruelty. Her attorneys, Willson and Day, will take immediate steps to have the case brought up.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Impure blood is the cause of boils, pimples and other eruptions. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures these troubles.

Farmer Moore Offers Judge What Security. CAPTON, June 18.—Carl Browne abandoned his determination to go to jail this afternoon, upon the expiration of the bond signed by J. S. Coxe. He says that Mrs. Browne urged him not to sacrifice himself in this manner. Eight Populists, who were in Canton attending a party conference, came forward, and offered to furnish security for his appearance.

He gave new bond with Allen Cook, D. W. Smith, Emanuel Reese, R. McGuire, J. P. Moore and W. H. Kerch, as sureties.

FIVE PRECINCTS MISSING

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD A FEW VOTES BEHIND.

Thomas Austin and G. W. Wilhelm Surely Nominated—W. M. Reed Secures a Heavy Majority—Relative Standing Not Likely to Change.

CANTON, June 18.—All but five unimportant precincts have filed their vote at the Republican primary election. The defeat of Captain Crawford, for commissioner, by a small margin, is conceded. It is extremely unlikely that the total vote will be affected by the five precincts not yet heard from. The total vote exclusive of these five precincts, is as follows:

For representative, (two to be nominated) Thomas Austin, 2,152; G. W. Wilhelm, 2,078; J. C. Lupter, 1,991; Thos. Austin, 1,944.

For auditor, W. M. Reed, 2,671; W. H. Rowlen, 1,630.

For county commissioner—James Brown, 2,129; R. B. Crawford, 2,108.

For infirmary director—J. M. Howenstine, 2,358; A. P. Teel, 1,227; John A. Hay, 621.

For surveyor—J. S. Hoover, 2,084; C. D. Wise, 1,587; G. L. Sicksafoose, 660.

PLAYED WITH MATCHES.

Small Boys Cause a Loss by Fire at Canal Fulton.

CANAL FULTON, June 18.—While playing with matches in A. J. Kittinger's barn, this morning, two small boys succeeded in setting it on fire. The boys were sons of Mr. Kittinger and of the Rev. Mr. Bechely. They had a narrow escape, their hair being singed. The barn was destroyed, and but for the good work of the fire department, many other structures would have gone too. As it was several small buildings were burned.

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Mrs. Herman Marks is visiting friends in Cleveland.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Reinhardt Gets, of High street, a son.

Harry W. Parsons, of the Hotel Concord, is visiting Tiffin friends.

Mrs. S. P. Post, of Canton, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. G. Bucher, in Hill street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Knapp are in Chicago visiting their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Thornburgh.

The Massillon Stone and Fire Brick Company, have secured another big contract at Medina.

The degree staff of Canton Lodge Knights and Ladies of Honor will institute a lodge in Canton, Friday night.

The output of coal at the Massillon mines on the W. & L. E. railway, amounted to twenty-six cars on Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna Somers, of Oneida Mills, and Mrs. Lizzie Cullen, of Sherrodsville, are the guests of George Better and family.

A boy, one of the inmates of Charity school, fell from a tree the other day and broke his arm. Dr. Hardy reduced the fracture.

Dr. S. E. Kimber and Miss Gertie Waisner, both of East Greenville, were married in Massillon, today, by the Rev. W. B. Leggett.

The new town clock arrived this morning and is being placed in the tower of the M. E. church, under the supervision of Joseph Coleman.

One of the persons received into membership in the Presbyterian church yesterday came by letter from a church in Anasol, Bengal, India.

Carl Browne and his wife expect to start for Washington on Friday, traveling by easy stages. He is to speak nightly and his wife will sell reform literature.

The new front in the grocery establishment of Martin & Vogt is about completed, and a similar improvement is being made in the store of their neighbors, Sonnenhalter Bros.

Forty hours' devotional services were concluded at St. Barbara's church, at West Brookfield, on Tuesday. The Rev. Mr. Kuebler, of Canal Fulton, delivered the evening sermon.

Progress is the motto adopted by the residents of South street. The following have abolished their fences: H. V. Kramer, Mrs. Louis Zeller, Mrs. Sarah Russell, A. F. Portmann.

While attempting to ride a bicycle Tuesday evening, Paul Houriet fell from the seat and fractured his right fore arm. Under the care of Dr. Jones Mr. Houriet will be able to make another trial before long.

Among the "features" with Barnum's show, this year, are "Trilly on horseback," a woman clown, a woman ring-master, an equine exhibition, concluding with a high dive into five feet of water.

The directors of the Massillon cemetery held a meeting yesterday afternoon and appointed Wm. F. Ricks to the vacancy caused by the death of Peter G. Albright. Charles Jarvis was elected superintendent.

Mrs. E. Ricksecker and two daughters have arrived here from Saarbrücken, Prussia, and are visiting Mrs. Ricksecker's sister, Mrs. Lewis Matthews, at Crystal Spring. If they like this country they may remain.

James C. Streeter has purchased the Umbenhauer property, corner of Tremont street and Park Row, for \$4,100. Charles E. Jarvis has transferred seven acres of land to Bishop I. F. Horstmann for cemetery purposes.

The slander case of Caroline Barrett against Eunice Truby may not be heard for two months to come. The most important witness, a Mr. Davis of Justus, unfortunately broke his leg yesterday, and will be unable to appear.

The Massillon Military band will play at Chippewa lake on the Fourth of July. On the 30th the band will go into camp at the same place for ten days, with the Cleveland City Guards. The military company has about seventy-five members and is one of Cleveland's best organizations.

Richville precinct, Perry township has been heard from at last. For delegate to the senatorial convention it gives W. A. Fasnacht 6, R. P. L. Grant 7, S. B. Stern 1, Harvey Everhart 4. This makes W. F. Fasnacht and Harvey Everhart the winners, each having twenty-five votes.

Nicholas Hooking has moved his family and household effects to Jackson, Mich., where they will in the future reside. Mr. Hooking has been a resident of Massillon for many years, and was very loth to leave, but the thought of mining coal at fifty-one cents was so distasteful to him that he decided to cast his lot in a new field. His property in this city has been disposed of.

Harry Lash, a farmer of near West Lebanon, had an ear almost severed from his head Friday evening by being thrown from a buggy to the paved street. Mr. Lash was in the act of getting into his vehicle when the horse frightened at a passing street car and jerking the buggy forward suddenly, threw Mr. Lash to the street. His horse was caught after a short chase, and after having his wounds dressed he returned home.

A letter from Mr. S. A. Conrad to his sons, written from Liverpool, briefly describes his visit to Harvard, where he met Mr. Gladstone, Great Britain's grand old man. At Liverpool he called on Consul James T. Neal, who is a friend of long standing. Of him he learned what Ohio Republicans had done. He says that the potatoes in Ireland are in bloom, and that he and Mrs. Conrad are thoroughly enjoying their selves.

The Massillon club was re-opened Tuesday night, in an informal manner, those present playing cards until 9:30 when dancing followed until nearly one o'clock. Mrs. Warren C. Jacobs and Miss Evelyn Albrecht won at progressive euchre and received books as prizes. Among those present were Miss Ricks,

of Cleveland, Miss Hartwell and Mrs. Towner, of Canton, Miss Basil, of Warren, and Mr. David Croxton, of Canal Dover.

Paul Kirchhofer and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gise returned home from Bethany last night. They speak in the highest terms of the commencement exercises. Rob Gise of this city, graduated with high academic honors. He was congratulated on every hand after his session on Monday evening. In the near future Prof. Eugene Feuchtinger, musical instructor at Bethany, with four of his best pupils, will give a concert in this city at the Christian church.

Constable Frank Shepley drove to Sugar Creek township this morning and arrested Eunice Truby on a charge of criminal slander. The affidavit was sworn to by Caroline Barrett. Eunice Truby was brought to this city and arraigned in Justice Folger's court. Her trial will be set for the latter part of this week. The Truby woman is charged with saying all manner of unbecoming things about Mrs. Barrett, and the case will be hotly contested.

Mrs. Rachel Williams has received a letter from her husband and daughter announcing their safe arrival in England, after an overlong but very pleasant voyage. The letter contains an interesting account of the voyage and told of the manner in which devotional services are conducted on board ship. Everybody takes part in them regardless of religious lines. Miss Williams, who is an accomplished musician, always officiated at the ship's organ during services.

The Canton Record says: A representative of the board of directors from each of the counties of Tuscarawas, Wayne, Summit, Medina, Portage, Columbiana, Mahoning, Carroll and Stark held a meeting at the Stark county infirmary Tuesday. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the question of doctors' fees. The following gentlemen were present at the meeting: W. Cummings, S. J. Roller, J. B. Best, Mr. Culbertson, W. D. Phillips and Wm. Witter.

A valuable horse belonging to the grocery firm of Martin & Vogt, was shot on Monday afternoon. Two weeks ago the animal was purchased from J. J. Clark and was sound as far as the contracting parties knew. It was driven in the delivering wagon in the morning, and near noon displayed symptoms of illness. At the barn every thing possible was done to relieve the animal, but the efforts were of no avail. A veterinary surgeon ordered the horse killed to end its suffering's. It was attacked with apoplexy.

THE MINERS' CONVENTION.
A Committee Appointed to Consult With the Operators.

The miners' delegate convention was in session at the Trades and Labor Assembly hall, this morning, with fourteen delegates, representing 1,214 miners, present. President J. J. Mossop and Secretary Abraham Williams occupied their usual places. The greater part of the morning was occupied in hearing the reports of the various committees. The following were selected as a committee to meet the operators in joint conference at J. F. Pocock's office at 2 o'clock this afternoon: James Parks, James Creighton, John N. Davis, Benjamin Jones, Cyrus Rowe, J. J. Mossop and John Hill.

A MINE ACCIDENT.
Falling top at Krane's No. 2 mine, this noon, caught Thomas Garver. Dr. J. F. Gannmer, who attended him, says that he was cut from the interior angle of his right eye to the mouth, his right shoulder was dislocated and contused, and there was a fracture of the terminal vertebra.

W. & L. E. TROUBLE OVER.
The trouble at the Pittsburg mines on the W. & L. E. railway, which are located at Dillonvale and Laurelton, is at an end. On Saturday the men returned to work, and considerable work of the coal interests of the W. & L. E. company, spent several days in the district and completely investigated the causes that prompted the discharge of fifty men. As the result of this personal examination, many of the men were re-instated in their old places and the strike was broken. The miners resumed work with others in the state, when the fifty-one cent controversy was settled, but struck in sympathy with their fellow workmen, who were discharged for taking part in the Coalton riot.

KRAUSE MEN STRIKE.
Some Trouble About the Price of Powder and Oil.

The miners of the Krause mine No. 2 went on strike Tuesday morning, the price of powder and oil being unsatisfactory. A meeting was held at the mouth of the shaft before going to work on Tuesday and this course was decided upon. Henry Leahy, superintendent of the mine, is at a loss to know what the men are striking about. He says that the miners have a misconceived idea that the price of powder and oil was to be raised. This, he says, is not the case and that the owners of this mine are willing to abide by the decision of the joint conference, the result of which is now pending.

Know Thyself.
How important this injunction to every young man! How many ruin their health and future happiness through pernicious practices contracted in ignorance and repeated of when too late. Parents, guardians and humanitarians can do no better service to the rising generation, than to place in their hands the information and warnings contained in a little book carefully prepared by an association of medical gentlemen, who have had vast experience in dealing with the grave maladies here hinted at, and who feel that they owe to humanity to warn the young of the land against certain destructive habits which are far more prevalent than any layman can possibly imagine, and which, if persisted in, gradually undermine the constitution and health, and destroy the future happiness of the victim. Cut out this notice and enclose it with ten cents in stamps (to pay postage) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., and the book will be sent secure from observation in a plain sealed envelope.

A FATAL EXPLOSION.
Edmund Griffiths and Thomas Davis the Victims.

BOTH MEN BADLY MUTILATED.

A Mistake in Calculation or a Premature Explosion Instantly Kills Edmund Griffiths, and His Partner Fatally Injured—The Story of the Terrible Accident.

Edward Griffiths is dead and Thomas Davis will die as the result of a terrible accident that occurred at the Howells Pigeon Run mine, Tuesday evening, at about 4:45 o'clock. Griffiths and Davis were miners and worked together in the same room. Their room was so situated that they were the last men in the mine to fire their shots to loosen coal for the next day. After the rest of the miners had passed out Mr. Griffiths and his "buddy" prepared two shots, which they lighted and then retired from the room. It is the supposition that the two men heard the first shot and, thinking that both had exploded simultaneously, they returned to their room to see the result, and that while they were investigating the other shot had gone off with the foregoing result.

There is also another theory that the shot exploded prematurely. The miners, who had passed out before them, called to them and upon receiving no answer, went to their room where Mr. Griffiths was found lying on his face dead, and his partner lying several feet distant in an unconscious condition. The news of the accident spread like wild fire and soon the miners came flocking back, all eager to do anything in their power. The coal was removed from the bodies of the two men and scores of willing hands conveyed them to the mouth of the shaft and Drs. Reed and Hardy, of this city, were summoned. The surgeons arrived as quickly as possible, and dressed the wounded man's injuries.

Poor Davis's skull was fractured from the forehead to the base of the skull, and his death is hourly expected. The dead man had without a doubt been killed instantly, as his skull was crushed, both legs broken and his hip badly mutilated. Both men were married and were held in the highest esteem by all. Edmund Griffiths was 64 years of age, and was the father of seven children. His home was at the "Patch." The funeral will be held at his late residence Thursday at 1:30 o'clock, and at Myers's church at 2 o'clock, the Rev. E. P. Wise officiating. The Sippo Lodge, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member, will attend in a body, and will perform their ritual services at the grave. He was also a member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, of Niles.

Thomas Davis resides at Pigeon Run with his family, which consists of a wife and several children. He is 32 years of age and is the only support of the family.

Coroner McQuate arrived at the scene of the accident late Tuesday evening, and after taking the testimony of several persons gave it as his verdict that deaths resulted from purely accidental causes.

The testimony of Harvey Arthur and Mr. Jones, two fellow miners, develops the fact that the cause of the accident was a premature explosion. They said that they had just gotten out of Griffiths' and Davis's room when the explosion took place, and that the shock was so great that it extinguished their lights. John P. Jones, district mine inspector, is at Pigeon Run today investigating the cause of the accident.

COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY.
A Divorce Wanted—The Brant-Boekius Wedding—Court Notes.

CANTON, June 19.—Arabella Dine today petitioned for a divorce from William Dine. They were married in January, 1892, and have since resided in Stark county. Mrs. Dine desires to be restored to her maiden name, Arabella Snyder.

Dr. E. D. Brant and Miss Catharine Boekius, of Canton, will be married at 7:30 tonight at the home of the bride's parents, in North Market street. At 9:04 o'clock the bride and groom will leave for the West, where they will remain for several months. Miss Boekius is the daughter of L. V. Boekius, a leading shoe merchant.

PROBATE COURT.
The will of Nancy Smith, of Canton township, has been filed for probate.

The will of Mary Scott, of Sandy township, has been admitted to probate, and Wm. R. Scott has been appointed executor.

Curtis Sandals is the appointed administrator of the estate of George W. Sandals, of Marlboro township.

In the assignment of William Castleman, of Massillon, liens have been determined, and a distribution of the proceeds of sale of real estate has been ordered.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Adolph Gassess and Mary Biere, of Maximo; Llewellyn Eldredge and Lulu G. Mathias, of Alliance; G. E. Kimber and Gertie Waisner, of East Greenville.

NO CHANGE IN THE VOTE.
The Independent's Tuesday Figures Unchanged.

CANTON, June 19.—We expect to commence the official count this evening. The latest returns indicate nominations as given in THE INDEPENDENT of Tuesday, with Brown for commissioner, twenty-one votes in the lead, Midway and tands to hear from.

A. E. EYXON
Chairman.

Direct Line to Cleveland.

Massillon people can reach Cleveland by the C. & L. & W. Ry. in two hours and a half, and without change of cars.

SUIT FOR ROYALTY.
On Coal That Might Have Been Mined But Wasn't.

AERON, June 19.—The Tuscarawas Coal and Iron Company brought suit for \$48,981.50 against J. F. Seiberling, an Akron manufacturer, in common pleas court yesterday. It is alleged that Mr. Seiberling leased land at Mineral Point, Tuscarawas county, from the plaintiff, September 8, 1887. It is claimed that the land contained 2,000,000 tons of mineral coal on which the Tuscarawas company was to receive a royalty of 10 cents a ton. The charge is made that Mr. Seiberling could have mined at least 75,000 tons a year, but that instead of that he mined hardly 10,000 tons. The suit is for the royalty on the coal which might have been but wasn't mined.

THE WEEK AT NEWMAN.
A Sunday Fire—Personal Notes—A Lively Primary.

NEWMAN, June 19.—Miss Mollie Masters spent several days in Canal Fulton, last week, the guest of Miss Hattie Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oehlman, of Indiana, visited at this place last week, after an absence of thirty-two years.

Miss Lillian Schott, of Massillon, is spending several days with Miss Mollie Masters.

Mrs. Lorin C. Wise, of Canton, is visiting this week with her mother, Mrs. Young, at the old homestead.

Our brick works have secured more contracts, and the prospects for steady work this summer are good.

Jackson, the Canal Fulton liverman, and Daniel Sheldon were seen in our village for a short time, last Thursday.

A dwelling house near the Coxey quarry, owned by Mrs. Ebenezer Jenkins, and occupied by the Baker family, was burned to the ground at about 10 o'clock Sunday night. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Mrs. Ira Fisher and family, of Massillon, and her sister, Miss Mary Becker, of Sherrodsville, are visiting at the Ralston residence this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Currie, of Canton, circulated among their many Newman friends Saturday and Sunday, bidding them good-bye before leaving for a trip through Scotland, taking the boat at New York on Saturday. They expect to be gone about seven weeks.

Our Children's Day exercises were the best we have ever had of this kind, and we are pleased to say one of the largest audiences for some time; the performers did their part very well, and the singing as usual was highly complimentary.

Mrs. John Kitt and daughter, of Canal Fulton, visited Mrs. W. Findley Sunday.

Our Republican primary election on Saturday passed off quietly polling 23 votes, of which Austin received 29. T. C. Miller was elected central committee, and Wm. Findley as a Thomas delegate, after a little contest. Had the other delegates been in favor of Thomas Findley, would have declined to run. The query is why so many of our friends assist the Republicans in nominating the candidates, and then vote the Populist ticket at the election. This precinct had but 38 Republican votes all told. Now we are not complaining of having too many Republican voters at our primary but what we do like very much much to see is that when a man assists in making a ticket he should stand by it at the election.

Our township board of education met in Canal Fulton on Monday and transacted considerable business. They hired the teachers for the several districts for a term of five months. D. W. Walters, of West Brookfield, and Miss Jennie Kitt, of Canal Fulton, will have charge of our school during the winter term. We have failed to learn who has been hired in district No. 8. We are pleased to state that the board wisely considered the reducing of the school year to seven months. The purchasing of ten county atlases at a cost of \$100 was laid on the table. The North Lawrence district is now represented by Mrs. Isaac Sandwith, and she is proving herself to be a very able and active member.

The west end of Stark county certainly has its share of candidates this time, which should make an exciting campaign this fall.

James C. Miller has gone to Logan county to work at erecting telephone poles, at \$2 per day. This is a pity there aren't more positions outside of the mine that pay \$2 per day, and let mining rest.

East Greenville.
Mr. Wm. Jones, of this place, and Miss Maggie Rummings, of Newman, were married last Wednesday evening at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Yoder, of Dalton, and returned to the home of the groom's parents, where about thirty of their friends were awaiting them. The evening was very joyfully spent with music, congratulations and social talk. The new couple have gone to housekeeping in the new home which was lately put up by H. Royer.

The Greenville Stars, representing the third nine of this place, played a nice game of ball last Saturday afternoon with the best club of Dalton, but were somewhat too light for the big team, and were defeated by a score of 7 to 11.

The Anderson and Dalton teams are the only mines around our village working every day.

Bob Vantine is running a horse street car from Greenville to the Dalton mine every night and morning, for the benefit of the miners, at a low price of eight cents for the round trip.

The Christian Endeavor entertainment will be held on Saturday, June 22, in the M. E. church. A good programme being prepared.

Miss Lizzie Evans, of Justus, is visiting friends in Greenville and Dalton this week.

West Lebanon Happenings.
WEST LEBANON, June 17.—The young child of Mr. and Mrs. Malvin Burkholder fell from a porch, last Friday, and broke an arm.

Children's day exercises were held at the M. E. church Sunday evening. The church was well filled and the entertainment was very enjoyable.

A lawn fete was held here Saturday evening under the auspices of the Lutheran church, and forty-three dollars was taken.

Harry B. White will speak in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League at the M. E. church tonight and tomorrow night.

A SPIDER IN HER EAR.
SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH AT NORTH LAWRENCE.

The Presence of a Spider in a Young Girl's Ear Leads to Insanity, Ending in Death—Mrs. Valentine Wolf's Daughter the Victim.

NORTH LAWRENCE, June 19.—The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Wolf died Tuesday afternoon, after a long illness arising from a very peculiar source. Some time ago a spider crawled into the child's ear and from this she suffered much pain until the spider was finally removed. She has never been well since and at times has been partially insane. Of late she has been gradually growing weaker and weaker until death, finally ensued.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.
THE KIEL CANAL CELEBRATION.

KIEL, June 19.—[By Associated Press.] After eight years of labor, at a cost of \$38,500,000, the canal between the Baltic and the North sea is ready for use. It runs from near the mouth of the Elbe to Holsteen, at Kiel bay, a distance of fifty-nine miles. Its depth is from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 fathoms, and its width at the bottom is 24-1-10 yards. The sides are walled with stone to the height of the water. The canal is lighted its whole length by electricity. It requires about thirteen hours for a vessel to pass through. At the celebration of the completion of this great work, Germany has fifty naval vessels; Great Britain has ten vessels, Italy nine, United States four, Denmark three, Russia three, Hungary four, Denmark six, Scandinavia five, Spain three, Holland two, Roumania two, and Turkey one, making in all fifty-two foreign vessels, with 814 officers and over 17,000 men. Extensive preparations, costing half a million dollars, have been made to entertain the foreign guests.

THE HORSE DID NOT MIND.
But the Excitable Mr. Wertz's Arm Was Broken.

WEST LEBANON, June 19.—While Charles Wertz was tilling his potatoes, Tuesday morning, he became enraged at his horse, and struck it with great force with his right fist. The horse made no show of resistance, but, nevertheless, Mr. Wertz is laid up with a fractured arm, the horse's hide being entirely invulnerable to the savage attacks of his excitable owner. When Mr. Wertz is able to take his arm out of the sling he will take a course of physical culture before attempting to chastise his horse again.

Bolivar.
The Tuscarawas county Sunday school convention will be in session at this place from Wednesday until Friday. All persons interested in Sunday school work are cordially invited to be present. The base ball club will hold a festival in Vesper hall on Friday evening, June 21.

Miss Florence Eckert, of Canal Dover, is visiting at the home of Charles Eckert.

We have been informed that Mr. J. S. Maurer expects to make his home in our midst in the near future.

Dr. Garrett made a flying trip to Massillon on Tuesday.

C. C. Shutz is having his store building trimmed up with a nice new coat of paint.

Tired, Weak, Nervous
Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Strength and Bodily Vigor.

The cause of that tired, weak, nervous condition in which so many people find themselves, is the failure of the blood to properly nourish the nerves and tissues. Feed the nerves upon pure blood, and they will be steady and strong. Read this: "It is with pleasure that I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent nerve tonic and blood purifier."

Mrs. C. E. Venable. I have taken it more than once and am taking it now. I was tired, my body ached, and I felt very badly all over. I was afraid I would be sick. I thought I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has cured me, and I find that it is cheaper than the doctor's bills. Hood's Pills are the best I have ever taken and I use no other. I am glad to have an opportunity to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. C. E. VENABLE, Kellsburg, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be sure to get Cures Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, 25c.

All leading teachers of cookery use
CLEVELAND'S
BAKING POWDER.
Always makes light wholesome food.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York, Successors to Cleveland Brothers.

RAILROAD NEWS.
The Wheeling & Lake Erie engineers will no longer enjoy the luxury of a "private" engine. The "chain gang" scheme was introduced in the freight department this week. The change was made in anticipation of the heavy coal business. The road has plenty of engine crews to handle its business, but not enough engines.

The coal boom has struck the Wheeling & Lake Erie with full force. The Norfolk shops started Monday with a full force of men. Within ten days six engines will be turned out as good as new, and work on a number of other new engines will be begun. The same activity is manifested all along the line and at the dock.

Crystal Spring.
Work at the mines has at last been resumed at a very low rate paid for mining.

On Wednesday the Crystal Stars, of this place, defeated the Forty Corner lads in a game of ball by a score of 84 to 11. The features of the game were the fine pitching done by F. Leonard and E. Rosche, and the home run made by P. Leonard when three men were on bases.

On Saturday the Crystal Stars did up the Kendall boys to the score of 14 to 7.

The Athletics defeated a picked nine at a reunion given by William Smith. Score 19 to 10.

The invincible McCuen, were defeated by the Athletics by a score of 27 to 17.

On Sunday the Heurys shut out a picked nine composed of players from New Berlin, Greentown and Akron.

P. E. Meisner, captain of the Athletics, while standing up to bat was hit on the head by a pitched ball and knocked senseless. After applying water for a while he revived.

Picket Fence! Picket Fence!
We solicit orders from farmers west and south of Massillon. Have built over forty miles of picket fence the five years past. Our aim: Best work at a reasonable price. We refer to John Hemperly, Abr. Kittinger, Abr. Zupp, of near East Greenville for reference. Correspondence solicited.

D. KIRCHHOFFER, Dalton, O.

Advertised Letters.
List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Massillon June 19:

LADIES.
Cureton, Miss Gussie
Streuser, Jennie

MEN.
Williamson, H. B.
Scott, J.
Stocker, John
Snider, N.
Kegler, L. M.
Schneider, Martin
Portman, C. F.

FOREIGN.
Johannes, Becker

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say advertised.

CLEMENT RUSSELL, P. M.

The Discovery Saved His Life.
Mr. G. Caillonette, druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with a gripe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail, and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use, and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Z. T. Balty's drug store.

Rheumatism Cured in Day.
Mystic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by Ph. Morgenthaler, druggist, Massillon.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chiblain, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Z. T. Balty.

While at Peekskill, N. Y., Mr. J. A. Scriven, a prominent manufacturer of New York City, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Such good results were obtained from its use that he sent back to the druggist from whom he had obtained it for two more bottles of the same remedy. When you have a cough or cold give this preparation a trial and like Mr. Scriven you will want it when again in need of such medicine. It is a remedy of great worth and merit. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Ph. Morgenthaler.

Some time ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simou Goldbaum, San Luis, Cal. For sale by Ph. Morgenthaler.

Captain Sweney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Chamberlain's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Sold by E. S. Craig and G. B. Fulton.

TIED TIES
—AND—
TIABLE TIES
25 Cents.

Drowning Men Clutch at Straws.
Everybody grabs those we are offering at
50 CENTS.

Boys' Best Sweaters 25 cents
Spangler & Co., - Hatters,
AND MEN'S FURNISHERS.
Selling Direct from manufacturers.
2 for 25c's.

COXEY OUTGENERATED.

The Goddess of Peace Secretly Married.

JUSTICE FOLGER TIES THE KNOT.

A Sensational Event in Commonweal Circles—While the Magic Words are Being Uttered, the Photographer Presses the Button and the Camera Does the Rest.

The facts in relation to the somewhat sensational civil marriage of Carl Brown and Miss Mamie Coxe, erstwhile goddess of peace, at Clement's photograph gallery, Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, have been elicited with difficulty. Those who have observed Mr. Coxe's action in regard to Brown, and the collapse of the latter by Henry Vincent, who is now the general's literary manager, have easily understood that there was a woman in the case, nor was it difficult to ascertain that the daughter of Eve was also the charming young daughter of the re-incarnated Cerebrum.



SON-IN-LAW BROWNE.

Browne became infatuated with Miss Coxe over a year ago, and she returned his infatuation, greatly to the disgust of Mr. Coxe, when he understood the true condition of affairs.

This reciprocal affection easily explains Miss Coxe's illogical prominence in Commonweal affairs, her departure from her own mother's home, and her desire to be near her father, who was at that time constantly seen with Browne.

Mr. Browne denies that any rupture has occurred in his dealings with Mr. Coxe, and still speaks in most generous terms of his former patron. If peaceful relations do not exist, their termination cannot be charged to him of the leathern coat.

The fact of the secret marriage Friday afternoon suggests, if it does not prove, the idea that Mr. Coxe desired to prevent the union of the widower of 45 and the child of 18. Justice Robert H. Folger performed the ceremony, and at its conclusion saluted the bride with a chaste kiss implanted with all the grace and gusto born of long experience in uniting two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one.

A number of negatives of the scene were taken. After the brief ceremony was over, the bride returned to her father's



PAPA-IN-LAW COXEY. (By Son-in-Law Browne.)

home, and the groom started for Canton to deliver an address booming Mr. Coxe's candidacy for governor.

Browne was seen Saturday noon and said that he would be married in Washington on the Fourth of July, and he handed the reporter a copy of his latest order ordering a reunion of the Commonwealth. Evidently he does not regard the marriage yesterday as final, but merely as a legal precaution, and he declined absolutely to say anything about it, as did Mrs. Browne. Mr. Coxe will be home today, and further revelations may be expected when he learns what has taken place in his absence. The artist who took the pictures and his assistants are as silent as the principals.

A Canal Fulton Death.

CANAL FULTON, June 15.—Christian Solo, aged 35 years, died Saturday morning of a complication of diseases. He was a telegraph operator by occupation, but of late years he has been unsound mentally and has not been employed in any capacity.

The peoples favorite lunch, Stolzenbach's lunch biscuits.

WANTS \$10,000.

A Coal Company Charged With Responsibility for an Accidental Death.

CANTON, June 15.—Margaret Turner, administratrix of Benjamin Turner, began suit today against the Linden Coal Company. Benjamin Turner was employed as brakeman by the C. & S. railway, and one night was struck and instantly killed, while in discharge of his duties, by the pan of the tippie owned by the defendant company. Mr. Turner was but 39 years of age and left a widow and several children. The plaintiff therefor prays for damages in the sum of \$10,000.

A petition was filed on Friday afternoon wherein Sarah Davis applies for a divorce from Thomas C. Davis. The two were married at Coal Creek, Col., in March, 1892, but have resided in Stark county for a year past. The defendant has for months been guilty of gross neglect and has wholly failed to provide for his wife. Mrs. Davis also desires to be restored to her maiden name, Sarah Lavers.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Methodists Preparing For Dedication Day.

Many Men Prominent in Church Work to be Present—The Services Begin Saturday and Will Continue Sunday Morning, Afternoon and Evening.

The dedication of the First M. E. church on Sunday next is an event to which friends of that handsome structure have been anticipating for weeks. The services really begin on Friday, with the inaugural concert by Organist Frederic Archer, and the new chorus. Saturday evening there will be preliminary services, the sermon to be delivered by the Rev. A. R. Chapman, D. D., until last year pastor of the church. The prayer will be by the Rev. W. J. Wilson, also a former pastor. Sunday morning the principal service will take place. At the Sunday school meeting there will be remarks by Col. C. M. Bartruff, superintendent; the Rev. Dr. D. H. Moore, and the Rev. A. R. Chapman. At 10 o'clock a more elaborate programme will be carried out. Mr. Korthauer will conduct the chorus and Mr. Alfred Baehrens will be organist. The order of exercises follows.

- Anthem, Hallelujah Chorus (from Mes-siah)..... Handel
- Ritual..... Dr. A. R. Chapman
- Hymn..... No. 860
- Dr. T. P. Marsh, President Mt. Union College
- Prayer..... Rev. Wm. Lynch, D. D., Pittsburg Conference
- Scripture Lessons..... 11 Chronicles, vii. viii; Hebrews, ix-26
- Rev. W. J. Wilson, Cayahoga Falls
- Rev. Dr. J. H. Hammett, Cleveland, Pa.
- Fluential Statement..... Mr. C. B. Allman
- Sermon..... Bishop Isaac W. Joyce, D. D., LL. D., Responsive Scripture Reading..... Ps. cxviii
- Pastor and Trustees..... Dr. A. R. Chapman
- Dedication and Dedication..... Bishop Joyce
- Invocation..... Bishop Joyce
- Benediction..... Bishop Joyce
- Organ Postlude.....

On Sunday afternoon at 2:30 a platform meeting will be held with the Rev. Dr. Earl D. Holtz, presiding elder, in the chair. After an anthem by a double quartette, prayer by the Rev. M. C. Grimes, of Canton, and reading of a hymn by the Rev. I. K. Rader, of Canton, there will be addresses by Bishop Joyce, Dr. Wm. Lynch, Dr. A. R. Chapman, the Rev. W. J. Wilson and the Rev. Dr. Rader. These will be followed by a hymn read by the Rev. Milo Kessler, of Massillon, and the benediction by the Rev. J. R. Hoover, of Mineral Point.

The Epworth League service will begin at 6:30 p. m. William Johns is president and Miss Arletta Yost superintendent. There will be addresses by Bishop Joyce and E. P. Edmunds, of Canton. The evening programme begins at 7:30 as follows:

- Anthem..... The Heavens are Declaring..... Chorus
- Prayer..... Rev. Dr. E. P. Edmunds
- Hymn..... Dr. E. P. D. Holtz, No. 248
- Anthem..... The Heavens are Telling (from Creation)..... Haydn
- Sermon..... Rev. Dr. H. Moore, D. D., Ed. West-ern Christian Advocate..... No. 708
- Hymn..... Dr. A. R. Chapman
- Doxology..... Congregation
- Benediction..... Bishop Joyce
- Organ Postlude.....

HIGHSCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

The Programmes for the Graduation Exercises Out.

Commencement day for the high school class comes on Wednesday evening, June 19. The class motto is "Aim High," and it includes Clara F. Crone, Elizabeth M. Dressler, William S. Edwards, Minnie Louise Goehler, Minnie G. Gise, Linden J. Howald, Evelyn Johns, Vincie A. Kurtz, Walter J. List, Otto H. Maier, Zorah A. Miller, Blanche E. Piper, Edith Louise Pille, Bert Stoner, Arrila Shearer, Harriet B. Schroek, Josephine L. Sibila, Hallie C. Snyder, Laura L. Strucker, T. Harry Yost, Charles Oberlin Yost. The programme follows:

- Entrance March..... Mendelssohn
- Chorus..... Rev. W. B. Leggett
- Invocation..... Rev. W. B. Leggett
- Chorus..... Rev. W. B. Leggett
- Recitation..... Virginia
- Vocal Solo..... Selected
- Oration..... Minnie Louise Goehler
- Chorus..... Silent Forces
- Chorus..... Evening Bells..... Pensie
- Recitation..... Aristarchus Studies Elocution
- Oration..... Zorah A. Miller, Is Labor a Blessing?
- Part Song..... Commencement March
- Class Address..... William Edwards
- Class Address..... Rev. Sylvester F. Scorel, D. D.
- Quartette..... The King of Sorrow, Betty Vincie A. Kurtz, Harriet B. Schroek, George Lester, Leo Willenberg
- Presentation of Diplomas.....
- Class Song.....

WILL SILVER WIN?

Stark County Democrats in Session.

THE TWO WINGS ARE AT WORK.

Mr. Howells Springs a Little Resolution—The Administration Section Wins on the First Show of Hands—The Afternoon Session.

CANTON, June 14.—Silver is the subject uppermost at the Democratic convention being held today in the Y. M. D. C. hall, and the pillars of the party are having a sorry time of it, in their efforts to control the course of events. The administration wing naturally wants to carry everything for sound money, and especially desires to secure the delegation to the state convention. The anti's are just as zealously working to obtain a delegation in favor of the free coinage of silver, 16 to 1. Anthony Howells, W. K. L. Warwick, Isaac Harter, Johnson Sherrick and such men are moving heaven and earth to defeat the free silver patriots, who are headed by John C. Welty, Archie McGregor and others. Mr. Welty's symptoms of silver poisoning are strong, and said to have been brought about by contact with very choice mines in the West. Brother McGregor—well he is against the administration. The convention was called to order at 10:35 by the chairman of the central committee, J. W. Weiss. G. G. Paul was elected secretary. Andrew Pontius moved that the chair appoint the usual committees. The fight began at once, for Dick Piero rose and moved to amend by omitting the committee to resolutions. W. A. Lynch favored the amendment, but the old time horse, Archie McGregor pronounced it a cowardly, evasive and un-Democratic. W. W. Roberts, of Alliance, took the same ground, but the silver gentlemen were neatly turned down, the amendment carrying 80 to 42. The Massillon delegates stood shoulder to shoulder in favor of omitting resolutions. The amended motion then passed, and the chair named the following committees:

Credentials—N. O. Shearer, R. S. Shields, W. Kline, E. Osborne and P. Kearney.

Order of business—Jesse Teeters, O. E. Young, Henry Jolly, J. H. Reigner and Henry Miller.

Permanent organization—L. R. Sherwood, Andrew Dehoof, Frank Alexander, Christian Schott and Joseph Klus-terman.

To name state delegates—John C. Welty, Edward Royer, Anthony Howells, Frank Zimmer and Herman Eckard.

Mr. Howells then presented the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Democrats of the Stark county convention endorse and affirm the Democratic platform of 1892."

Mr. McGregor was on his feet in a minute with several pages of typewritten matter, written in the form of a resolution endorsing the last state platform, and sharply arraigning the administration.

W. W. Roberts moved that all the resolutions be adopted. Mr. Howells moved the adoption of his own resolution and the laying of the other on the table. The parliamentary tangle here grew very tense. The Roberts motion was said to have been carried, 65 to 47, but the chair, after mature deliberation, decided the whole thing to be out of order. Mr. Howells poured oil on the troubled waters, by withdrawing his resolution and the convention then took a recess until 1:30.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At the afternoon session the various committees reported promptly. The following were selected to attend the state convention:

- Delegates—L. R. Sherwood, Homer Gard, A. McGregor, J. F. Weiss, W. F. Shultz, W. A. Lynch, Wm. Young, C. Schweitzer, R. S. Shields, Jacob Geis, E. L. Hoyer, W. K. L. Warwick, C. A. Kridler, F. Willenborg, E. S. Howells, W. W. Roberts, B. Weybrecht, M. O. Shearer, Andrew Pontius, L. R. Baber.
- Alternates—Howard Banghman, A. O. Sientz, H. Eckard, W. Kline, Chas. Kreichbaum, J. H. Reigner, Johnson Sherrick, August Maurer, Jesse Teeters, Atlee Pomerene, A. Holtzbach, J. S. Gardner, O. E. Young, H. B. Sibila, T. Schott, Wm. Simonet, Dr. Robinet, G. Paul.

The following were nominated by acclamation: For sheriff, Amos Mase, of Navarre; for clerk of courts, Charles L. Oberly, of Canton; for county treasurer, Harmon Loeffler, of Massillon; for auditor, L. A. Leichot, of Canton; for county commissioner, J. Clutz, of Massillon; for surveyor, O. W. Holl, of Canton. For infirmity director, M. A. Miller received 108½ votes, and John Sheets 45½. For representatives the following have been presented, two to be nominated: Sam Burget, of Canton; R. G. Williams, of Alliance; H. B. Sibila, of Massillon; A. H. McCadden, of Canal Fulton, and John G. Warwick, of Navarre.

The convention is still in session at 3 p. m.

LUCKY MASSILLON LADY.

Obtained a Gold Watch Free

Mrs. Mary A. Hayden, 50 Water street, Massillon, was agreeably surprised the other day by receiving a 14 karat ladies' gold watch by buying a package of Sunlight yeast at the well known grocers', Albright & Breckel. Sunlight is fast becoming the favorite yeast and Mrs. Hayden says it is the quickest and best she ever used and cheerfully recommends it to all. It will be well for all housekeepers to remember that with every package of Sunlight yeast purchased they have the same opportunity of securing a gold watch as the fortunate lady mentioned and the many others who have already received them.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

THE MANAGER OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS CAUTIONED.

Advised to Move On to the Next Town. But He Refused, and Naturally There Was Trouble—No One to Blame but the Manager.

The mayor of this town (who is himself) had a long and rather talk with the manager of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe, who had come to play at Madox hall last Wednesday evening. When we understood from him that there was no Hamlet or grave digging or skull in the play, no high kicking, jig dancing or scrapping; that the hero was not swept over Niagara falls or the heroine carried off by Indians we advised him to go on to the next town and take no risks. He listened to us in a respectful way, but refused to believe that we knew the idioms of the people better than he did. We issued his license with sorrow in our heart. At an early hour Wednesday evening the hall began to fill up. Some of the audience had two guns, some only one. As far as outward appearances went, everything was serene, and the goose hung high, but the smiling and urbane manager had a surprise in store for him. The crowd gave the few chords of the first act and let things develop. When it was realized that there was nothing in the play but Uncle Tom and Little Eva, and a few negroes, and a couple of dogs, and a monkey, the shooting began. The kerosene lamps, the scenery, the ceiling, the actors—almost everything and everybody—were made targets of, and in five minutes the hall was empty and the actors flying for their lives through the sagebrush. Most of them spent the night outdoors, and they were a sad and disconsolate lot as they got together and left town next day. It has happened so before and probably will again. We are a people who want what we want and are willing to pay for it, but will take no substitute. What will tickle a Boston audience may bring tears here, and what New Yorkers weep over won't catch on here for chucks. Every time a manager has consulted the idioms of our people and given us a combination of "Hamlet," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Old Homestead" and "Pruitts" and West the audience has been enthusiastic, but every time a manager has descended upon the town with a determination to carry out his own ideas dire disaster has overtaken him.

Expediting the Mail.

Two or three months ago, when appointed postmaster of this town, we mentioned the fact that the triweekly mails from Lone Jack, Pine Hill and Dog Creek reached this postoffice in the most erratic manner and evidently at the convenience of the mail carrier. We promised to look into the matter as soon as we got things in hand, and last Tuesday afternoon, as the Lone Jack mail, due at 11 o'clock a. m., had not arrived at mid-afternoon, we mounted our cayuse and set out to investigate. This route is carried on horseback, and the name of the carrier is Simms. We found Mr. Simms luxuriously reclining under a tree about four miles from town. He was luxuriously drunk and sound asleep, while his old horse had shaken the mailbag off his back and was standing on it with his hind feet. Mr. Simms is a very sober man just now, but few doubt if he has any clear remembrance of a tenth part of what happened to him during the ten minutes following our arrival. All he can remember is being struck by a cyclone, which lifted him up and tossed him around and kicked him and tried to drive him into the earth. He was a hard man to wake up, but when he got his eyes open and began to realize the situation he didn't waste much time getting on to his horse with his mailbag and heading for town. On his next trip he came in an hour ahead of time, and we understand he intends to do even better than that. Some day this week we shall look into the delay on other routes. For weeks past the Pine Hill mail has been from six to ten hours late on every occasion, and we shall make a great effort to discover the cause and remove it. It is our duty as postmaster to see that the mails arrive and depart on time, and we feel quite certain that our manner of "expediting" the service will commend with the approval of both our fellow townsmen and the postal authorities at Washington.

Made a Mistake.

Yesterday afternoon a man named Taylor, who is the driver of a mule team in Colonel Frazier's outfit, entered the private banking institution of Shewell & White and wrote out a check for \$250. As he had no money on deposit as cashier of course refused to cash. Taylor then rolled up the check, crowded it into the muzzle of a gun, and resting the weapon on the cash-ier's window he declared he would shoot the paper through Mr. White's body if not promptly honored. There was a time in this town when that sort of a game could be worked, but that was years ago. The mulewhacker had scarcely made his bluff when Mr. Shortwell had him in his grip, and he was dragged, choked, kicked and licked and dragged out doors inside of three minutes. We arrived at the conclusion of the fracas and assisted Dr. Johnson to restore the man to consciousness and bandage and plaster him up so that we could hold an interview. The man hadn't much to say. He had come up here from the railroad wearing a big hat, two guns, long legged boots and a bowie knife, and some of his fellow drivers had told him that he was a genuine old fashioned terror and ought to demand himself accordingly. He decided to make a start by bluffing a bank, and when he found that he had made a clerical failure of it and might get two or three years in prison on top of that he broke down and wept like a child. He will be under the doctor's care for the next two weeks, and at the end of that time will probably be allowed to limp out of town. He doesn't seem to be a bad man at heart, but simply made a mistake in thinking he was a good bluffer. He has relatives in New Mexico, and we take this method of informing them that he will probably survive his injuries, but will not act altogether different when he again appears in public—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Beginning Business.

Some people can set up in business on a very small capital. One morning little Susie Green called at Mrs. Brown's door. "Say, Mrs. Brown," she said, "I want to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to set 'em under a hen." "So you've got a hen that you're setting, have you?" said Mrs. Brown. "I didn't know you kept hens." "No, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that wants to set, and we thought that if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves!"—Youth's Companion.

Heart Disease Kills

Suddenly; but never without warning symptoms, such as Faint, Weak or Hungry Spells, Irregular or Intermittent Pulse, Fluttering or Palpitation of the Heart, Choking Sensations, Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Feet and Ankles, etc.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, Cures Heart Disease.



Mr. Geo. L. Smith, of the Geo. L. Smith Mantel Co., Louisville, Ky., writes Feb. 22, 1894: "For about a year I was a terrible sufferer from heart trouble, which got so bad I was obliged to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had to abandon business and could hardly crawl around. My friend, Mr. Julius C. Vocht, one of our leading pharmacists, asked me to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had used little more than a bottle when the pain ceased and palpitations entirely disappeared. I have not had the slightest trouble since, and today I am attending to business as regularly as ever."

Sold by druggists everywhere. Book on Heart and Nerves sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health

DON'T TOWER'S FISH BRAND GET WET FISH BRAND SLICKERS WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

If you want a good waterproof coat that will give long service and keep you dry in the hardest kind of storm, buy the Fish Brand Slicker; the only waterproof coat that can be depended upon at all times. Many so-called "waterproof" coats look well but will wet through in a light rain. Keep dry, and you will save your health. Do not buy a waterproof coat unless the above FISH BRAND trade mark is on it. If not for sale in your town write A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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There's only one way to get ready so that you can be sure that you are ready—and we are ready to get you ready with the World-Beating.

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We might to-day be selling a line of so-called "cheap" machines at a price which would still be high, but prefer to sell the high-value McCormick at a price which experience will most assuredly prove is low. Glad to show our friends these machines at any time. Come in and see them.

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ANNOUNCEMENT! Groceries, CHINA HALL.

We wish to announce that in connection with our Grocery and Provision Store and China Hall, we have opened a first-class meat market, fitted up with all modern conveniences. We contemplate carrying a full stock of

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Salt and Smoked Meats, Fish, Oysters AND GAME IN SEASON.

A Specialty will be made of

DRESSED - POULTRY

A choice line of

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Always in stock.

By Selling the Best of Goods at Popular Prices we hope to merit a fair share of patronage.

The recent change in our business enables us to supply all the wants of a housekeeper in the way of Groceries and Provisions, and we are sure it will be appreciated as a decided convenience. We aim to keep a full supply of Fresh Vegetables, Fruits and Berries, and the finest line of Canned Goods in the city. Fresh Butter, Eggs and Country Produce will be made a specialty. Picnic parties will find a choice line to select from, and all goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Our stock of China, Queensware, Glassware, and Decorated Ware of all kinds is not surpassed by any house in the county, and we can supply the wants of all—rich and poor.

The second floor of our establishment is devoted to this trade, and the public is cordially invited to inspect our stock, whether they intend purchasing or not.

A recent addition to our line of goods is

ALUMINUM Tableware and Cooking Utensils, of which we carry a full stock. Beautiful as Silverware

It is indestructible, absolutely free from the poisons contained in copper, brass, and its lustre is not injured by the acids of fruits, etc.

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